

LOVED TOO WELL, TO PART, HARKNESS SAYS OF SHOOTING

Real Estate Man Who Shot
Mrs. Hopp Held in
\$5,000 Bail.

COULDN'T GIVE HER UP.

Declares He Intended to Marry
Her When Wife Got
Divorce.

George R. Harkness, a real estate dealer of Sea Cliff, L. I., who shot and killed Mrs. Florence C. Hopp while she was seated in his lap at their room in the Hotel York Saturday, was held in \$5,000 bail by Coroner Winterbottom today to await the inquest.

Unable to furnish this amount, Harkness was sent to the Tombs. Following the shooting Harkness notified the hotel clerk that he had killed the woman and also told the policeman on post outside the hotel. He repeated today his story, that on the night of the shooting, that the shot had been fired by accident while he was explaining the mechanism of an automatic revolver to Mrs. Hopp.

Although Harkness has a wife and child living in Sea Cliff he told the Coroner that he was infatuated with Mrs. Hopp and that he did not think any power on earth could have made him give her up or the him.

"I had a talk with my wife on the Wednesday before the shooting," said Harkness. "She told me that she wished I would turn over a new leaf and try to lead a better life. I told her that I would try to do so, but I knew at the time I'd never be able to give Florence up. I feel now as if with her death every instant worth while had passed out of my life. I regret her death more than I can ever tell."

"She was going back to her home in Long Island, Pa., on Monday. We were sitting together, she on my lap, regretting that she must go home when we so wanted to be together. She said that she would come back here soon, and I told her that I would see her in a few weeks. We often sat together planning our future home."

"How did you expect to marry her when you had a wife?" asked the Coroner.

"I expected that my wife would get a divorce," replied Harkness.

"Did Mrs. Hopp's parents know that you were a married man?"

"Yes—that is, her mother did. I have never met her father. I was going to marry her just as soon as I could make a satisfactory settlement on Mrs. Hopp and my wife."

Harkness was asked if he had told Mrs. Hopp of his conversation with his wife. He replied that he had mentioned it to her and she had answered, "be both love one another too well to let anything come between them." Harkness refused to vary his story of the shooting so much as a word to-day and explained his having Mrs. Hopp's letters to him, numbering nearly two hundred, and that he had made her go to leave the city.

"I expected any day to take a position elsewhere, and I wanted to have her letters with my clothes," said Harkness. "I was going away and I had, however, until I left I had given her the management to save room No. 214 for me. It was a single room and one that I had occupied before. Mrs. Hopp had occupied it with me just a few days before the accident."

The prisoner said Mrs. Hopp had held the revolver in her hands five or ten minutes before he had taken it. He said that he had owned the revolver for some time and often left it with Mrs. Hopp when he was to be away from her at the hotel. She had asked him to show her the next thing he remembered was the report from the weapon.

Dr. Albert T. Weston, Coroner's physician, was called and found Mrs. Hopp on No. 214 of the left arm and left side of the chin. The shot that killed her passed through the left ear.

He said that the bruises were apparently fresh and had been made within twenty-four hours prior to his examination of the body. Harkness was not asked to explain these bruises.

George A. Harkness, father of the prisoner, a decorator at No. 62 Fulton street, Brooklyn, offered to give bail for his son, but the amount he offered was not sufficient.

ROBIN NOT INVOLUNTARY BANKRUPT, SAYS COURT.

Judge Hand, sitting in the Federal District Court today on the report of Stanley W. Dexter, the Special Master, dismissed the involuntary petition in bankruptcy filed by the Northern Bank and other creditors on Jan. 16, 1911, against Joseph G. Robin. In the special report Master Dexter stated that at the time of the filing of the petition the Northern Bank had a provable claim against Robin for \$100,000. He said that the claim was for \$100,000, and that Robin had made payments of \$100 to Joseph A. Johnson, \$100 to the Automobile Club, \$100 to J. D. Walker and \$100 to the National Reserve Bank. After telling of these alleged acts of bankruptcy Special Master Dexter said in part:

"I find that none of the petitioning creditors have sustained the burden of proof as to the allegations of insolvency contained in the petition."

In concluding the report, Special Master Dexter said: "I find and report that there is no proof that Joseph G. Robin was insolvent at the time of the commission of the acts of bankruptcy within the meaning of the Bankruptcy act, and that the various intervening petitions be dismissed for that reason."

While he was vigorously opposing the creditors' petition, Robin a few weeks ago filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy in the United States District Court.

ANALYSIS OF THE NEW YORK JOHNNY

Only the Fluff Ball Girl Gets a Husband And the Simply Attired One Pines Away

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"Will You Please Look Around and See Whether the Girls Who Are NOT Married Are the Fussy, Silly, Narrow-Minded Girls or the Sensible Ones?" Writes "A Young Old Maid" Who Isn't Discouraged.

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.



NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

his wrath and sent the following humorous challenge and denunciation to what he terms the "arid coyote from West (Philadelphia)":

Dear Madam—Wal, I'll be hog-awailed and cowed if it that was not a refreshing sendoff from that breezy gink who claims to come from the Wild and Woolly West, not that we doubt the veracity of his statement. Oh, no, perish the thought, but what has aroused the wrath and indignation of the New Yorkers is the uncompromising way in which he refers to us. He is a warm blooded Westerner. I reckon about all he ever was, a roustabout on some ranch, who specialized in working off chain goods to amuse the boys at some "Dew-Drop Inn," and what's more, we don't allow no prairie-dog to come a-prowling East and ruffle the fur of us New York Thissies. "We sure do not," and if he wants to keep healthy he'd better "light up and dig out" afore we use smoke 'in out. We're bad men when we get riled up, (chorus of twenty-four New Yorkers) "We sure are." And what's more I'll wager six crumbs on the side that he never owned \$10.00 in all his natural life. We are all small men and they say that only good things come in small packages. It would give us the keenest pleasure far to try conclusions with this arid coyote. We have got indignation of the cranium in our ability to make good in such an event. He is very evidently a molly-coddle, and also a self-kidder, wrapped up in an all-absorbing idea that he is "it." Wal, we'll let him down light as this is his first offense. Hoppin' that you will be kind and thoughtful enough to publish this letter and satisfy twenty-four Flends Incarnate that they have come back at a West (Philadelphia) cowboy, reads it and lets it "soak in."

BREXER BEAR.

SHE DROPS INTO POETRY TO DEFEND HER SEX.

It is a sharp turn from this humorous essay in the vernacular to the poetic sarcasm of a young woman who takes exception to the recent criticism of J. P. D. that the massy young man is merely the product and result of the fleshy young girl.

I am sure everybody will be interested in this bit of satire written by one Evening World reader and dedicated to another.

TO J. P. D.

When into that ancient garden came our Mother Eve, the rib-born, There loomed she Eve's Adam, daisy in a pool intently. While unto mine eyes the sight is, Sweet as to my lips the honey. Quietly Eve came behind him, Looked she long into the water, And she saw there the reflection Of herself and Father Adam.

"Woman, thou hast spoilt the image Of one beautiful, one god-like." "Adam, 'tis thyself thou seest." "Yea," said Adam, "yea, I know it. Am I not as fair as moonlight, And like sunlight strong, compelling,

The other day the letter of a Western man appeared in this column which said that the writer honored the girls of the East for remaining unmarried, since the men of this vicinity were, in his opinion, a poor lot of "simsps," making on an average less than \$15 a week, yet talking and acting like bank presidents.

I knew when this denunciation of the New York man appeared that Daniel in the lion's den was in a safe and comfortable situation compared to this Western critic (luckily for himself anonymous). And now the New York Johnny has risen in



THE NEW YORK JOHNNY CHALLENGES THE WESTERN "COYOTE"

the so-called "old maids" I meet, and find that they have been the sensible young girls, not wanted because of their sense, until the man has been "stung" by a bunch of fluff that blows up like a Coney Island balloon when barked against the real and practical side of life.

I'm not discouraged, but I have set my face toward success in business and intend to stick to it—not because I do not want a home and family of my own, but because I'm one of those girls that, while I can have a glorious time when out, and I do not gauge the good time by the expense involved, as my best times have been those that cost little or nothing, and I have a good sense of humor (fortunately), still I have heard men (particularly married men, and good ones) say, "She will certainly make some man a good wife," to which an unmarried one will say, "Yea, indeed she will," and turn around and marry a fluff ball that goes into hysterics when her mother has an acute attack of indigestion, instead of getting a mustard plaster ready. Consequently, I am A YOUNG "OLD MAID."

Now this seems to me a very sensible letter. But as Mr. Peter Teasle said of matrimony, "The crime carries the punishment along with it," and I am inclined to think that the man who takes a fluff ball to the altar is punished out of all proportion to his offense. Like the child who blows away the feathery element of the dandelion, "fluff ball," he sees all that is light and graceful disappear, nothing but a utilitarian stem remains. "Poor fellow! Don't let's rub it in! Rather let us consider the very interesting letter of a manure girl, which tells its own story and gives further support to the contention of "A Discouraged Girl," that for the investment of a few dinners and theatre tickets the New York Johnny "expects a big return."

To-morrow we will have the letters of young men who oppose this view. Here is what the manure girl has to say: MANICURIST FINDS MEN ARE SILLY AND SINFUL.

Dear Madam—I am a manicurist in a barber shop, and am considered an attractive girl. In fact, one has to be fairly so to keep a position in a place of that kind. I do not use paint nor powder and do my hair very simply, and am considered very neat. Now, this sounds like a lot of praise, but I am telling you all this as an explanation of the following: I cannot understand why men come in to have their nails done and feel it necessary to tell me the history of their lives—how many girls propose to them, and how many hearts they break. They do not seem to realize how bored we are by the time they are half through.

I am an orphan and room out with my sister, therefore I have to rely on my own judgment as to companions. I have gone out with any number of men, but unless I let them kiss me and hug me they don't care to go out with me more than a few times. I have read "Discouraged Man's" letter, and I must say he has not looked for the right girls (in the right places). As you know, a manicurist has a bad name, but I know many of them like myself who are only waiting to meet a man like "Discouraged Man" and make friends with him. But very few like him exist. I am almost ashamed to say so, but I have had men offer me \$50 to go to dinner with them, and they are very angry when I refuse. Now, if a girl who meets as many men as I do, and has no need to flirt, gets this kind of treatment, tell me, pray, what a flashy girl must expect.

ONLY THE FLUFF BALL GIRL WINS WITH MEN.

Dear Madam—I have just read the letter signed by "A Discouraged Young Man," and may I reply to some of his accusations?

First, no matter how they deny it, there is not a single girl living who does not, way down in her heart, hope that some day she may marry a man who will think as much of her as men are supposed to think of their wives. Naturally, when she is between the ages of sixteen and twenty, she tries to find out the best way of making herself attractive to men. This she feels can most readily be accomplished by looking at the class of girls who are married or engaged and have nice-appearing and thoughtful husbands. Will you please look around you and see whether the girls who are NOT married are the fussy, silly, narrow-minded girls, or the sensible ones?

I am only twenty-one, but have been working in New York for five years, and I think I have a pretty fair knowledge of men in general and girls in general. I also am near enough to the age where a girl looks around to see which kind of girls take best. I remember how discouraged I was when I found one had to be "full of guano" and all that goes with it to be attractive to men, as I realized I would make a bigger fool of myself by trying to be coy than I would by being an "old maid." In the last few years I have made a practice of studying

Every little Toastie has a flavor like the other—Rich and pure, sweet and clean—each bowl invites another. No fear of indigestion—no doctor's bill to pay, If you'll only get the habit—eat Post Toasties every day.

Written by MISS RENNA ALBEE, 83 Leroy St., Binghamton, N. Y.

One of the 50 Jingles for which the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., paid \$1000.00 in May.

11,000 VOLTS GO THROUGH BODY; HE IS STILL LIVING

Electrician Writhes for Three
Minutes in Contact With
Big Feed Wire.

CLOTHES ARE IGNITED.

Physicians Are Amazed That
Lineman Should Survive
Such a Shock.

With an electric current of 11,000 volts passing through his body, blistering his skin and igniting his clothes, Edward Flanagan writhed for three minutes today on a slender support thirty feet above the tracks of the New York, Boston and Portchester Railroad at Garfield street and Morris Park avenue, the Bronx. He was dragged from contact with the feed wire by a fellow workman, lowered to the ground and hurried to Fordham Hospital, where the surgeons found that he may survive, despite the nature of his injuries.

Flanagan is an employee of the Union Switch and Signal Company and was engaged with Joseph Morrison of No. 415 Grand avenue, Hoboken, in running signal wires along the railroad and feed wires. While lying on the stomach, holding a wire from the ground by means of a rope Flanagan got one of his legs entangled with the feed wire carrying the voltage which furnishes the motive power for the trains.

Morrison, working on a platform fifty feet away, heard Flanagan's cry and started to his assistance. Although equipped with rubber gloves Morrison had to be careful in extricating his companion, who lay as one dead on the flimsy support. Nearly half an hour was lost in lowering Flanagan to the ground. In the mean time an ambulance had reached the scene.

That Flanagan was not killed instantly is considered miraculous by the hospital staff and the electrical workers on the railroad.

MAYOR IS ACCUSED OF "BUTTING INTO" LAWSUIT.

Mayor Gaynor was denounced in the Brooklyn Supreme Court today for "butting into" a suit between George Sibley, a taxpayer, and the Long Island Railroad. The Mayor wrote a letter to the court about the case.

Some time ago Sibley complained that the railroad was using a mile or two of ground at Hollis, L. I., on which sixteen sidetracks had been laid and that no taxes were being paid. Mr. Sibley brought the railroad to court and asked it to be fined. Then he applied for a writ ordering the tracks removed altogether. This was granted and thirty days allowed for the purpose. To-day the question of extending the time for removal came up. Mr. Sibley wanted the tracks taken away at once. Then the Mayor's letter was read. Mr. Sibley resented it.

"It's a pretty pass," he exclaimed, "when the Mayor of New York has to butt into the Supreme Court about something that doesn't concern him. I resent his interference. He has no connection with the case."

The railroad also had something to say. Justice Hendel reserved decision.

"CAN'T YOU HELP MY BABY?" MOTHERS OF ECZEMA TORTURED CHILDREN ASK US THIS.

Try This Remedy at Our Risk.

Of all the ills of childhood none causes more suffering than eczema and the other itching, burning rashes that drive the little ones almost frantic.

Nowadays when mothers ask us "Can't you help my baby get relief from eczema?" we can say, "Yes." Our new skin remedy, Saxo Salve, has worked some very remarkable cures here, not only for children but for adults as well.

Its first object is to stop the terrible itching and burning, and make the skin comfortable. Then it is absorbed right into the skin, destroying the germs and exerting its healing power at the seat of the disease.

We guarantee Saxo Salve to give satisfaction when used for eruptions and skin troubles of any kind, paying back your money if it does not.

All Riker and Hageman Stores in New York and Brooklyn and at all drug stores where this blue and white sign is displayed.

To forget this sauce would be like losing your appetite. IT IS A GREAT RELISH!

EDDY'S Old English SAUCE FOR SOUPS, FISH, SALADS AND MEATS 10c PER BOTTLE

Made by E. Pritchard, 331 Spring St., N. Y.

GIRL, RESCUED ONCE, DROWNS; BOY MAY DIE FROM EFFORT TO SAVE

Saved Yesterday, Marguerite
McCarron Loses Life in Swift
Tide at Atlantic City.

(Special to The Evening World.)
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., July 22.—Marguerite McCarron, aged sixteen, of No. 316 Walton avenue, Philadelphia, was drowned in the Inside Thoroughfare this morning, her mother and sister witnessing the tragedy from the porch of their cottage, only one hundred yards away. John Deal, a twelve-year-old boy who attempted to rescue the girl, was saved after he had broken a death grip which she had upon him. He is in a serious condition.

The girl, with a number of playmates, had gone to an island just across the Thoroughfare to bathe. She walked into deep water and was caught in the swift current. Young Deal, an expert swimmer, managed to get hold of her bathing dress. She threw both arms around him and they sank.

A few minutes later Deal struggled to the surface alone, only to sink again. Joseph, Francis and Harry Cooney, in response to frantic screams from the mother of the drowning girl, dashed to the rescue. While one of the boys caught Deal, the others dove for the girl, but the strong tide had caught the body, which has not been recovered.

Deal was carried to the City Hospital, where physicians state there is little hope for his recovery.

Yesterday, just before the heavy storm struck the resort, the McCarron girl slipped away from her mother and perished in a small boat. She was rescued by twelve-year-old Frank Steelman, after she had lost her oars and was drifting helplessly before the gale.

WHITE WIFE LOSES IN SUIT FOR ALIMONY FROM CHINESE

Son, Too, Is Awarded to His Mongolian Father by Court.

Mrs. Laura Ping, white wife of George Ping, Chinese restaurant keeper, of No. 80 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, lost today in the Supreme Court on her motion for \$25 a week alimony from her Mongolian husband pending the trial of the suit for an absolute divorce brought by Ping.

Ping now has the custody of his five-year-old son, George Ping Jr. The Chinaman was awarded the custody of the little fellow after the mother had kidnapped him from the home of the father. The Children's Society held the boy for several weeks until the Supreme Court decided that he should be given to his father. The Children's Society contended that, as the little fellow was half white, he should be given to Caucasians. The Court thought otherwise.

In his suit against his wife Ping names one of his fellow countrymen, Lee Loy, as co-defendant.

SPECIAL SALE OF A&P Salmon A&P

Finest quality of Salmon that can be purchased; No. 1's flat, a can 12 1/2¢ Caught in Columbia River in the Spring; No. 1's flat, a can, 20¢

COHOES Salmon No. 1's, a can 15¢ No. 1/2's, a can 10¢ Pink Alaska Salmon, a can 10¢ Red Alaska Salmon, a can 15¢

The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. 400 Stores in the U. S. These prices for Metropolitan District only

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Low Cut Black Shoes FOR WOMEN Pumps, Oxfords and Colonials in a great variety of styles \$1.75, \$2.90, \$3.75 and \$4.75

FOR MEN Oxfords on Smart lasts in Black Calf and Kid \$2.75, \$3.75, \$4.75

FOR CHILDREN Pumps and Oxfords, Calf and Patent Leather Sizes 2 1/2 to 6 \$2.45 " 11 to 2 1.95 On Sale at Sixth Avenue Store Only

Sixth Avenue at Nineteenth Street Fifth Avenue above Forty-fifth St.

DOUBLE LIBERTY STAMPS ALL DAY TUESDAY

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Window Awnings Made to Your Order \$1.77

We will measure, make and hang complete awnings 2 feet 6 inches wide and 4 feet long—of John Boyd's popular awning stripes, best galvanized frames and fittings—for \$1.77. The lowest price quoted by any store so far this season.

Custom Made Slip Covers Cut and Fitted to Furniture by Expert, \$5 Value. Price for first 20 yards used on each set of 5 pieces. Additional material 30c yard. This includes binding, labor and material.

Made of "Nearlie" Dustproof Damask, guaranteed by the manufacturers, S. M. SCHWAB, JR. & CO., to be an absolutely fast color, yarn dyed fabric. "Woven, not printed," and because of its great strength and durability to outwear any known fabric used for this purpose.

THE 14th ST. STORE, HENRY SIEGEL, Prop.